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1 SUBJECT NOTEBOOK

VALUE QUALITY

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The Bull in the China Shop

My father was the argument man I have ever met. He would fly into a rage for no reason - or, rather, for no reason one could discern. I was six years old when he had his first temper tantrum. I was sitting calmly on the floor in front of the fire, staring at the flames, noticing how they licked the coals lazily but persistently until the coals themselves turned to glowing embers, pulsating with fire, like blood pulsing through a vein. Suddenly, Dad leapt to his feet, ran out of the room and slammed the door. The whole house seemed to shake and the resulting silence was an unspoken word - "gone, gone, gone..." an unspoken word which echoed down all the years of my youth.

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I asked my mother later that day what had caused him to get so angry. She said he had been looking at his books (My father was a chartered accountant by profession). Perhaps he had discovered that he had been making any money at

perhaps she'd discovered an error in his calculations, who knew?

As the years went by these episodes increased in frequency and in ~~ferocity~~ ferocity. Three years before his death in 1968, my mother finally made the connection between these violent outbursts and his consumption of alcohol. Probably we had always resented another that he was sometimes deranged. Before my mother married him, he was known often snap at her for no reason, but she put this down to tiredness or stress from his job.

The neighbors thought I was a boy. One day I came into the living room where I was doing my homework. I looked at him just before I was in a good mood and I was glad to see him because he was my dad, and I was glad he was home. "What the Hell are you smiling at?" he yelled at me "Are you LAUGHING at me?" Then he repeated the question with more emphasis on each word as if I were deaf (when in fact I was dumbfounded, dismayed and couldn't think of a "safe" reply): "ARE YOU ~~SMILING~~ AT ME LAUGHING AT ME?" He glared at me, his eyes

on fire. He had an undershot jaw and stuck out his his jaw at me, baring his lower teeth in the manner of a bulldog; I half expected him to growl. "No, Roddy," I replied kindly. "I was just smiling at you, that's all. I was glad to see you." I thought this might calm him down and besides it was the truth. But he would hit the matter drop. "You WERE laughing at me weren't you?" He stood on, glaring at me in menacingly. For I half expected him to grab my arm and snap it in two in one easy motion. "No," I said again, quietly. Numerous incidents like this occurred in my early teens. I dared not, could not yell back at him because I was so physically afraid of him. I learned simply to shut down emotionally. I retreated into daydreams and books. I see now that this shutting down helped me to become a writer. I became the detached observer of others behavior and, in general. Only in the last few years have I allowed myself to open up to others — friends, strangers, the world in general. Now I can observe and be a part of the whole. I am no longer a delicate piece of china, about to my glaze

Case. I have never been able to yell back at ~~an angry~~ friends who have been angry at me or better still, confront them calmly after they've calmed down. I still have difficulty "standing up" for myself, dealing with their strong, electrically men's. I tend to implode, shut down. I feel physically breathless when I hear a raised voice even during an argument between strangers in the street.

Once when I was crying with pain after I'd broken my pelvis when I was seventeen, my father came into the room and pressed his fist into my stomach. He went on pressing and pressing until I could barely breath. Finally I screamed in pain. My mother who never ~~ever~~ yanked him off me. "I wanted to give you something to really cry about." I wailed as he stormed out, again, to down to the pub.

The longer I am sober and the more I learn to deal with my own anxieties, I find the less I attract and am attracted to angry and drunk men, whether as lovers and friends. They will have to be held in someone else's chaos now.

Will The Real Teacher Please Stand Up.

I am two feet tall, have a misshapen body (by able-bodied people's standards, and get around in a motorized wheelchair. Though I am now semi-retired as a result of a stroke; I still teach creative writing at an Adult Education Center in San Francisco. I taught my first class as a graduate student in the Creative Writing Department of San Francisco State University twenty-three years ago.

I had never taught before. I had prepared already my disability - I have a brittle bone condition called osteogenesis imperfecta. I was very proud the first class. Luckily a friend, the night before, had said, "I should tell you, don't need to be that much. You have natural stage presence. You're born leader; I'd follow you anywhere." Emboldened by my friend's reassurance,

Nevertheless, I want pretend for the deathly hush that descended upon the students as I entered. Over my twenty plus years as a college professor, I have become accustomed to that "hush of work" on the first day of class.

~~Soon~~ I shall relieve by announcing. "This is Creative Writing 201. ~~Anyone who~~ No if you're looking for Nuclear Physics, Botany or Early Renaissance History you're in the wrong room, should leave right away. Are you ready to Hemingway, Robert Frost and Willa Cather, stay here and listen up." This produced a burst of laughter which I took to mean, I'm amazed that I'd even think, I'm a born "Do my first word, even a born "first up (or third) row" "I'll keep come as I have found that my Manhattan sense of humor fits with the energy of the audience. I hope I'm able to help them all feel at ease from the start.

For many years as I never referred to my deathly silent teacher — it was the elephant in the room.

have never deserved. I has also in the closet to disability - in a all friends and acquaintances too - I has been trained to behave as if I did not have a disability — a wise choice on my part perhaps than sending me to a wheelchair, a walker or crutches, but as a teacher [illegible] of Communication for me that means that I need to share some of my own experience with my students. At John Jay College of Criminal Justice in Manhattan where I taught for ten years, the Handicapped Students Office organized a disability Awareness Week in the spring semester of 1990. Aside from disability discussion groups and seminars organized by the disabled students themselves and chosen by the Office, they installed a "check your disability" box in the lobby. Filled with books, each one a conversation piece & paper weight, a wide range of disabilities — wheelchair-bound, covered eyes, ears, [illegible] no arms and "blind" hearing impaired. Those who picked "blind" had disability related questions to accompany them. Those who

picked heavy box" was heavy-duty
door-prop and was forced to try to
wear lips. You were meant to
answer the duability for the entire
week. Most remembered grew up
recognizing certain hentle de
Onor - Professors were encouraged
to participate in university only
two Prof - one each from Psychology as
Sound Science, Interpolate. I declare
myself well qualified, only because I
feared that blunder or deafness added to my own
duability right Prof-life-threatening, especially
when negotiating traffic during at Walmart
Needs on Cowles Mall the streets are
redeveloped. I strongly recommend the
wisdom of Ruskin during Weeks in
all colleges at least once a
year. Even some Non-professors who
did not answer a duability themselves showed
up at the venues as real on the day

Hadley has been a 9th grade English Professor who has dismissed students as "dumb" for not knowing what has been [illegible] history 101.

Even when the answers [illegible] I have held a double-standard in my classes. Even in my freshman comp. classes, I have found that [illegible] disability, accents, prejudices, and [illegible] disability have proved great topics for writing projects. As part of the project I discuss my own disability with the students. My first question is always "Tell me, what do you think when I walk into class on the first day and not at the teacher's desk?" Almost [illegible] the students will reply "We didn't think you could do the project, we [illegible] you [illegible] a student

Oh, I really so people in Walden can be prejudiced. They usually embarrass them, but I want and attempt to explain. They say, I respect, somewhat prejudiced or I might say be, threatening but they have been open-eyed about [illegible] Students of color have usually grown up sharing some form of racial prejudice however mild, even that from privileged backgrounds where money, students at Fordham University Campus. I encourage them to talk about the white dot their experiences. I have found that they become much more willing to share about their own experiences after I have talked about mine. I try to explain what it is like to be living in a "normal-sized" people's world. How it feels to have your home, mother, sister or brother, murdered because they're a Black person. Then our differences, then talk about, ideally living in close together rather than

rebuke was the fuller as I had emerged because I came out the decided loser to my students. I used to wait until the end of P.A.W. Now I politely correct only on- the spot. This leads to a more mutual respect and better communication all round. The unspoken trade off for me is P.A.W. has increased my self-confidence in the classroom. My first day of class, I no longer dread, knowing that my "differences" will be addressed kindly not by ridicule but by friendly correction.

Inspiration Bakery

5/31/00

Spending Plan

Income approx.

Rent	$204.00		
Groceries	$130.00		
Books	50.00		
Public trans.	50.00		
F"TRAD.	0		
Debt PAYMENT	50.00		
Dentist	0		
Dining	400.00		
Entertainment	100.00		
household goods	35.00		
Laundry	15.00		
Personalcare hair	30.00	Adjustment	
Phone Hm	300.00	—	200-
Phone Cell	250.00	—	100-
Care giver	280.00	—	280-
Book Project	150.00		
Post office	30		
Stationary	15		
Clothing	20		
	$2008.00		

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Loggiry
Buy Timer
EARNING MIN. Required

Spending Plan

Income approx.

Rent	720
Groceries	30
Books	50
Bus Pass.	50
Car Payment	0
Debt Payment	50
Dentist	0
Dining	100
Entertainment	100
Household goods	35
Laundry	15
Medicare Rec	30
Phone Bill	300
Phone Card	250
Rent	280
Save Over	150
Travel Project	30
Utilities	15
Vehicle	20
	2000

Adjustment

2000 — 1000 = 280

Debts

Denbit 3,500
Fortiner 300
Medical Co.
1977 Aspen Valley Hospital 2,000

The Prevailing Wind

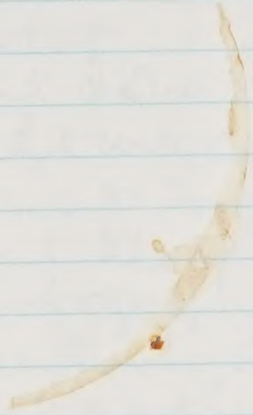
Brad was underneath a car. He was changing the muffler on a beat-up old chevy. He was having thoughts about his life. He was going to get out of Tomkins Cove. He would have to get out of Tomkins Cove. He would get up like his dad if he didn't. Brad Senior would lie around cars and trees. Brad looked under the car. He would then see the rocks of a damn Seycamore tree. Cars, trees that was Tomkins Cove. He never saw the Hudson, he never went to New York. He loved his mom though. Wanted to call her mom as she never let. Ass in Tomkins Cove you couldn't blame them. If you so much as put your arm around a boy they'd tell your whole damn class. And you'd be Bonnie or Mary Heather for ever.

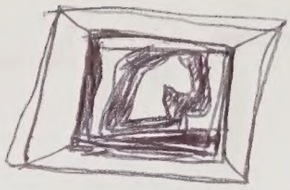
Brad's eyes looked under the car. What the hell are you doing under there, John? Shouted Dad. He worked with his hands and began tightening the bolts. You'll never want to do this. Become whatever you do. And what's a theater? Not even a thought, dabbing his eyes about into dishrag and then tossing it. His father never admired Tomkins Cove as much as his son. He hated cars. He barely made a living. He really wanted a two farm in Vermont. I'd have been with Rebecca by now, Dad would always say. Dad's dream was to be a farmer. His father used to be a farmer. He'd work all day in the fields, have a meal at the table and give him the stories before bed. How he'd ride the tractor, his dad would say.

Well there was a dance, Brad thought. I can't get it out of my head.

He'd asked Jane his name to go with him. So the cop wouldn't think him about to do one.

I wanted to forget the pain
I'll never forget the look on her face
He walked away and teens took
it the same moment as I drew
two of three times





After Purging

a little food
falls slowly on my bone membranes
like a bandage on a mending wound
~~wound just mending~~ a damaged cord
~~Cool balm on~~
~~Cool relief~~
I've put down my broken
I've left my camera on the shelf
I've torn up my poems
and put the curtains with
your photograph
your cufflinks and
the concert tickets
for next week - oh next week.

You are going about your business
they tell me - you look a little
tired but you who tell stories
to a cosy audience, you went
out Saturday night.
You'll survive.

I certainly will.
I'm clean and tired
and ready for a new diet
No more blackouts
blue lines broken appointments.
I shall make to be certain
write a novel
I shall teach detachment
to the birds so that they
sing to for themselves not
to each other, I shall

The [illegible]

A mountain in the cold wind
Leaf shapes like a fallen crown
[illegible] in the [illegible]
[illegible]

It looks a part I've played
[illegible] but [illegible]
[illegible] don't [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

My heart's [illegible]
[illegible]
and at last, I think I do
But the cat, my crazy [illegible] heart
I go home. [illegible]
[illegible] I work afraid
about it all. I get [illegible]
[illegible]
you don't blame [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
But I forget about [illegible]
[illegible]
I will get on with my life

poetry-Writers workshop; no. I thought it would be "polite" to go over and introduce myself to them in the "friendly" American way I had seen in the movies. Hecht greeted me with a warm smile, turned to Bob and said "Herby, I'd like you to meet Chris Hewitt. She's an excellent poet. You should take a look at her poems some time." Since I had my mouth full of food at the time I thought perhaps I misheard the "he" for a "she", interpreting his as her pronoun puzzling. But then he went on, "She's just arrived from England." I was too embarrassed and shocked to correct his mistake.

Later in the week I found the "mistake" had spread to the students as well. I hitched a ride with Hecht's star student Alan in order to get to Karl Kerns' fiction workshop (Karl was held at Kerns' home several miles off campus). After I had gotten in the car, Alan folded up my wheelchair and put it in the trunk, and as he was doing this he was saying to Hecht, "Do me a favor Willy and check and put her/his chair in the trunk." Again I was too shocked to give a retort to my new found transgendered persona. I forgive

John 014845194 80

FA # 021-701-6303

Stella

Ch 4 Sec 1-3 pg 2

Ch 4 Sec 1-3 pg 3

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or BEST OFFER

MOTORISED WHEELCHAIR

$1000

OF BEST QUALITY

Dear Stella,

I am Norah Jenkins' nephew
faxing you from San Francisco
Bay

Dear Stella,

I am Hazel Jenkins' nephew
flying over from San Francisco
Yes

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A $ 239 EA
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Hewitt

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